



BIG GERMAN LOT EXPOSED

THE WEATHER

Fair tonight and Thursday; light, variable winds.
Sun rises 6:45, sets 5:17.
Moon rises 11:15 p. m., sets 11:45 a. m.
High tide 11:15 a. m., 12:45 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 7:45 p. m.
Low tide 1:15 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 7:45 p. m.
Temperature at 1 p. m. 28.

BOSTON AMERICAN

Circulation Greater Than All the Other Boston Evening Papers Combined

FINAL EDITION EXTRA

VOL. 12—No. 247.

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BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1913.

PRICE ONE CENT.

FORD HIRES SHIP TO END THE WAR

WILL SEND BIG PEACE PARTY TO EUROPE

By International News Service.
NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Henry Ford, the Detroit automobile manufacturer and philanthropist, announced today that he would send a peace expedition to Europe to attempt to end the war.

He said that he had chartered the Scandinavian liner Oscar II, which will sail on December 4 with Mr. Ford's party.

Mr. Ford with twelve leading American pacifists to join the expedition and those of other nationalities as well. He aims to have a great peace conference at one of the European capitals.

Mr. Ford outlined his peace plan in the following statement:

This conference is to be a neutral peace conference. I shall invite all the prominent people who are opposed to war and want to put a quick end to the struggle to get together in some one of the larger cities in Holland or one of the Scandinavian countries.

TO CHARTER STEAMER.
I shall charter the Oscar II, to take the delegates who shall be chosen from the United States, Central and South America to Europe. At the same time delegates will be asked to join in the conference from all the neutral countries of Europe.

I have not yet issued any invitation, but the conference will be held under the auspices of the International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace.

Of course, representatives of every other body existing for the same purpose will be asked, as well as individuals in sympathy with the movement.

The Oscar II will sail from New York on December 4.

I have held a conference with President Wilson in Washington and outlined my plan. However, an act of liberty to give the President's views.

If I personally can go as good as a member of the conference I shall go with the other delegates on the Oscar II. I want to put an end to this dreadful conflict, and I believe that we shall get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas day. We will show the

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

DAUGHTER IS CUT OFF IN WILL OF SUICIDE NURSE



Muriel McLean Burnes, who left estate to New Haven doctor with whom she was reported infatuated. He, however, has died a wallop.

The last chapter in the strange romance of Muriel McLean Burnes, the Boston nurse who took her life three weeks ago at Springfield, was written today when her will was filed for probate in New Haven. The will cut off the suicide nurse's fourteen-year-old daughter, Muriel, and ordered the entire proceeds of the estate turned over to Dr. George H. Nettleton of New Haven, with whom the dead woman was declared by her friend to have been infatuated.

But though cut off by her mother, the fourteen-year-old girl wins the estate, for Dr. Nettleton in a signed waiver filed with the will relinquishes all claim to the property in favor of the suicide's daughter.

ESTATE WORTH \$2000.
The value of Mrs. Burnes' estate is said to be about \$2000.

Mrs. Burnes in the will declared her reasons for leaving her estate to Dr. Nettleton were "his many kindnesses and attentions to herself and her husband, George Burnes. Burnes, the husband, was a friend of Dr. Nettleton and was formerly clerk of the city court of Bridgeport, Ct. Burnes committed suicide a year ago.

Dr. Nettleton's waiver of claim—the most unusual feature of the filing of the will today—bears out his state-

ment some time ago when he was quoted as saying he would not accept the property if it were found to have been willed to him.

Despatches giving the facts of Mrs. Burnes' suicide stated that the nurse loved and was to wed a New Haven dentist, but later Dr. Nettleton denied that he was engaged to her. He said that he had taken only a friendly interest in her and her husband.

SUICIDE THREATS.
Mrs. Burnes came to Boston and went to a Jamaica Plain hospital, to be a nurse, but she did not remain long, explaining that her dead husband's voice "told her to leave." Later she confessed that she felt impelled to end her life.

"I am going to do away with myself," she said. "I am going away from Boston. I am going to a five hotel. I am going to get the best room in that hotel. I shall have a flower machine and a bath, and then I shall take a hypodermic of poison."

\$300,000 Wage Increase for Lowell

SAV MAN KISS MRS. BURNS

SMUGGLED SUPPLIES TO SHIPS

By International News Service.
NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The Hamburg-American Line chartered American steamships before there was a declaration of war in Europe last year and sent them to South American waters, where they supplied German warships, meeting them at pre-arranged places, showing that the German "preparedness" extended to every branch of the service.

These facts were established today by witnesses for the government in the conspiracy trial of Earl Ross, managing director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, before Federal Judge Howe. The chartered vessels carried huge amounts of supplies and sailed with false manifests, the government alleged.

Captain Fritz B. Falkenberg of the chartered steamer Herold, related details of the naval battle of Trinidad when the Cap Trafalgar was sunk by the British auxiliary cruiser Carmanha. He also said he had been given \$200 by Ross when he returned from the trip in which he used the battle.

The government today established the fact that the steamships Herwind and Lorenz, chartered in August, 1914, by the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, cleared from New York with food supplies sufficient for half a dozen sea vessels.

The first witness was Nicholas Zambrasky, connected with the Francis H. Leggett Company. He related that his company in August, 1914, received orders for 4000 pounds of butter, 1200 barrels of condensed milk, 1200 pounds of prunes, and 1200 pounds of potatoes to be delivered to the steamships Herwind and Lorenz.

The order, he said, came by telephone from the Hamburg-American line.

Mark Bowman of the Bowman Co. testified that he had been in New York at the time the order was given.

Continued on Page 2, Column 4.

THANKSGIVING DAY (TOMORROW) the regular editions of the AMERICAN will be omitted.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 24.—Mrs. Leah C. Bishop, wife of Frederick H. Bishop, who was killed Sunday morning by Peleg Everett Champlin, an inspector employed by the Rhode Island company, told the Boston AMERICAN of her love for Champlin and her admission of the same to her husband. She said:

I loved Everett, and Fred knew it. Last January I told Fred and begged him to take me away. I told him that I never would be entirely his until he had taken me away. I could forget Providence and all that was in it.

REVEREND CHAMPLIN'S LOVE.
I told Fred to call in Everett. He said that I never would be entirely his until he had taken me away. I could forget Providence and all that was in it.

I expected that there would be trouble when Everett declared that he loved me and always would, but Fred merely bowed his head and said, "I see, love. Leah, can't you let him alone?"

Over it I first confessed my love to each other early in 1913. I cannot remember the date, but it was when he was boarding with us at our home on

Continued on Page 2, Column 5.

German Successes Against Russians

By International News Service.
BERLIN, Nov. 24.—A War Office report says:

Field Marshal von Hindenburg's army captured six Russian officers, 20 men and two machine guns during Russian attacks at Beresnevo.

The advance post at Jassopol, which was captured by the Russians, was taken by the General von Linde's army repulsed Russian attacks at Ostrochod and Babinov (Ruscha), taking fifty prisoners and 1000 Russian guns. The position of Prince Leopold's army is unchanged.

Greece Always Friend of Allies, Says Premier

By International News Service.
ATHENS, Nov. 24.—"Greece will never raise a hand against the allies," declared Premier Skoufoglou in an interview today.

"Firstly, Greece is neutral and will remain neutral despite all pressure, no matter what the source of it."

"Secondly, this neutrality will be maintained in the most friendly way."

It is rumored here that Germany has asked Greece to discontinue her neutrality, but it is unconfirmed. In that event the cabinet may be obliged to resign. In that case, M. R. Skoufoglou would probably be obliged to form a new government.

Further demands by the entente powers regarding the attitude of the Greek government toward the allied troops in Macedonia were presented today.

New Trial for Man Convicted of Killing

Anton Retkovits, convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of the throat of Franka Peremich with a razor at Fall River, March 14, 1914, will have a new trial as a result of a decision of the full bench of the Supreme Judicial Court, which sustains the exceptions of Retkovits.

Miss Collamore Left Estate of \$875,031

Miss Helen Collamore of No. 217 Commonwealth avenue left an estate valued at \$751,915.80, according to the inventory of accounts filed in the Suffolk Probate office. She made public bequests amounting to \$45,000. Her real estate amounted to \$75,000 and personal property to \$77,511.

Serb Capital Moved to Scutari

By the International News Service.
PARIS, Nov. 24.—The Serbian government was moved to Scutari, Albania, today. Official announcements in this effect were made by the Serb legation this afternoon.

TODAY'S BANK CLEARINGS.

Boston sub-treasury credit, \$22,240.
Boston clearings, \$30,614,615.
New York sub-treasury credit, \$20,332.
New York clearings, \$422,506,842.

DESCRIBES MUNITIONS FAREWELL IN DEPOT RAISE

NEWTON, N. H., Nov. 24.—Mrs. Vera Morrison of Newton, a witness for the defense in the Burns murder trial, admitted under cross-examination that she saw a man, 24 miles from Mrs. Burns, eight weeks before the death of Mrs. Burns' husband, firing occurring in the Manchester depot.

Mrs. Morrison was examined by Judge Pike on the subject of hearsay evidence. She testified that she saw a man, 24 miles from Mrs. Burns, eight weeks before the death of Mrs. Burns' husband, firing occurring in the Manchester depot.

Under the ruling women in the employment of the company will receive not less than 12 cents per hour for a 40-hour week, for the first three weeks that they are employed. After three weeks they will receive 18 1/2 cents per hour, or 18 per week.

Under the 42-hour schedule women employees will receive a minimum wage of 15c, cents for the first three weeks, and 17 1/2 cents after that, or a total of \$15.60 per week.

The employees of the company went on strike last September. After being out three weeks they agreed, with the officials of the company, to submit their troubles to the Board for arbitration and to abide by the Board's decision.

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The State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation today handed down a decision which provides for an annual increase of over \$300,000 in the salaries of the 6,000 operatives of the U.S. Cartridge Company, Lowell, who recently struck for higher wages.

The officials of the company agreed to abide by the decision of the board. In most trades the increase has been as high as 11 per cent. The average increase is about 10 per cent. This increase will go into effect along the start of the strike last September.

The decision of the board embraces 342 items of wages and covers over nine typewritten pages. Among the principal provisions is a minimum wage for women employees.

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Doomed at Birth Dr. H. J. Haiselden's Own Story of the Defective Baby on Page 2

RUDYARD KIPLING'S WAR

See Page 5

[illegible]

Clothing on Credit
BOYLE
BROS.
CREDIT

**NO MONEY
DOWN**

House



\$15 up

**CLOTHES
FOR
ALL THE
FAMILY
A
LITTLE
A
WEEK**



\$15 up

DON'T FORGET THE CHILDREN
We have everything in gowns, well-made dresses, shoes, etc. for boys, girls and infants.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY
Open Evenings

853 Washington St.

WE REPAIR EYEGLASS CUSTOMERS
AS FAR WEST AS CALIFORNIA
While waiting, should your glasses
be broken, we can duplicate your
lenses without the original prescrip-
tion if you bring (or send) the papers,
by means of our up-to-date, scientific
methods. Best eyeglass service in
Boston. Call any time at either of
our stores and have your glasses
tightened and adjusted free of charge.
On location, we can also repair your
Special Delivery to Hovell Square Store.
We have a special service for you,
from 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM. Prices Reasonable.
WILSON BROS. Specialists
in Eyeglasses and Optical Goods
3 Winter St., near Wash. Sq. Bldg.
Tel. TR 3-1111
STORES Hovell Sq., 3-Story Corner Bldg.

OF 11

must be thought of in dollars, and so must become law, a mil-

capital of more than a
annual loss in wages would
commodities, more than
dollars in money values
is under national pro-
industry has astounding
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manufactures, would be
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work in these related in-
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Worst Evils

Rural areas would feel
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be combined total crop
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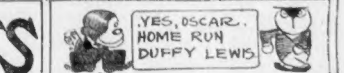
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short of a disastrous for-
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d cats at the
oup."—Ed-

Association of Massachusetts
William H. Lee, Pres.
Howard Noble, Sec.

Army-Navy

Be sure and get his story in next
Sunday's American



INDOOR SPORTS

Copyright 1975 by International News Service



CHARLEY CUTLER HOPES TO WIN

MAT BOUT

The stage is set for tomorrow night's wrestling match for the Graco-Roman title at Mechanic Building between Albert Abernethy of Finland, the champion, and Charlie

Cutler, the noted Chicago grappler. Not only is the winner's and loser's end of the purse at issue, but Cutler's persistent chasing of the Fight has stirred up considerable ill feeling between the pair, so this promises to add a lot of spice and ginger to the clash.

In the semi-final clash between Burea and Phol promises to be a pepper as the most ardent 'fan' could wish. This will be a one for

D. C. C. to Play Wanderers.
The Catholic Club eleven of Dorchester clashes with the Neponset

Wanderers on the Dunbar avenue grounds Thanksgiving Day afternoon play at 2 o'clock. William Frensdorff, the former Colby star, and Freddie Murray, Georgetown's 1914 captain, will officiate.



TWO HEIGHTS IN THE MOST POPULAR

ARROW
COLLAR
DUDLEY 2½ inches
NORMAN 2¾ inches
3 for 25 cts. Clont, Peabody & Co., Inc. Boston

Thanksgiving

AT THE

Hotel Nantux

\$1.00 PER PLATE
Open Till Midnight

He Who Complains the World Is Heartless Confesses His Own Lack of Sympathy

The American's Magazine and Fiction Page

By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1916, by International News Service.

The Wonderful Adventures of the Sunshine Family in the Land of Make-Believe

By GEORGE WASHINGTON SUNSHINE.

Copyright, 1915, New England Newspaper Publishing Company.

EVER since I became the possessor of a "Washing Cap," dear children, you may be sure we have had the loveliest weather, all over the Land of Make-Believe.

We were sitting in the garden, then, THIS afternoon, when Snow White said:

"And how, Mr. Sunshine, will you send Baby Bob up to the SUNDAY AMERICAN office?"

"I beg your pardon," said I.

"Baby Bob," said Snow White, "don't tell going to Boston on Saturday, to go out on the following morning with the SUNDAY AMERICAN."

"Why, yes," I replied, "to be sure."

"Well," said Snow White, "how is he going?"

"The baby," said I, "why, he will ride of course."

"Gee," said Snow White, laughingly, "you don't understand me now, will you?"

"Well, I DIDN'T understand her, and I said so."

"Mrs. Sunshine went to Boston," said Snow White, "in the famous Pumpkin Line coach. Marlin had a wonderful ride on one of Mother Goose's great gondolas. Peter went to town in his new automobile. Now, then, to be what mamma calls contented, Baby Bob must find a new method of traveling, a way different from the others. What will it be?"

"My dear, the child actually had me stumped. I hadn't thought of that."

"I'll tell you," said Rose Red, who has a truly wonderful old head on her young shoulders, "why not a PONY cart?"

"That being settled, the question arose where to GET a pony cart, in the Land of Make-Believe."

"The best lively stable I know of," said Simple Simon, who is continually laughing about "Jack Jingle's,"

"Jack Jingle's," said I, "and pray who may Jack Jingle be?"

"You know Jack Jingle," said Rose Red, "everybody does. He's the silly chap who remained married for so long a time that folks were afraid he would be a confirmed old bachelor."

I could not place the fellow, however, until Snow White went into the house and brought back Whizzo, who is Mother Goose, from which authority she read to me that:

"Little Jack Jingle Used to live single. But when he got tired Of that kind of life, He left off being single And lived with his wife."

This seemed to me a sample of very inferior reporting. It lacks in detail. Who WAS his wife? WHERE were they married? "He left off being single, and lived with his wife." Strange, indeed!

"Yes," said Simple Simon, "and now he likes double harness as he might well that he prefers to let his horses in pairs."

I concluded to write around to the lively stable and have a talk with the Mr. Jingle. It is now Wednesday. Baby Bob will be leaving for Boston in three days. Best not to leave these things until the last minute.

"I have it," she said.

"I'll tell you," said I, "well, let us go to it." But THAT wouldn't have been pretty.

"Well," I asked.

"How about your Washing Cap?"

"That I feel about!"

"I got the Washing Cap on, immediately," said I, "and for a pony for the Circus struck down on a Sunday morning, and we had a chance to spend a day on the 'Tad.'"

"P. S.—The pony's name is Lightning. He goes like a flash. I hope every body's as happy as we are happy as we are."

"The Olive Tablet Company, Columbia O.—Advertisement."

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Let Us Give Thanks



By PERCY SHAW.

THANKSGIVING, hold your beacon high! Strike off your fetters, ball and chain; Rescue our memories 'ere they die And with them make us young again. So shall the years like wreaths roll back The while we find our childhood place Where once with heedless thoughts and lack We listened to the mealtime grace.

Thanksgiving, then your beacon glowed; Then was the future writ in flame; Then hopes came true in dreams that flowed Through vales of gold to hills of fame. These pass and from the far away Our mother's voice sounds subtly near— "We thank Thee for Thanksgiving Day, And oh, we thank Thee to be here."

Thanksgiving, hold your beacon high For we who need the childhood heart, In crowded streets where passersby Know but the call of trade and mart. Give us the wish to kneel and say, Like that stilled voice, how sweet, how clear— "We thank Thee for Thanksgiving Day, And oh, we thank Thee to be here."

Their Married Life

Copyright, 1916, by International News Service.

Helen snapped off the light in the hall and went wearily to her room. All night she had sat at the bedside of old Mrs. Curtis, who had died early that morning.

Heaven heard this with a sharp stab of pain. Her own mother had never to live, death seemed impossible when, thought of in connection with her.

"The nurse passed down the hall as Helen hesitated, uncertain as to what to do. She stopped when she saw the door ajar and then knocked and came in.

Helen turned and clasped her hands impulsively.

"Carrie was still sobbing, her shoulders heaving and her breath coming in tearful sobs."

"CARRIE NERVOUS ADVISES AND FALLS ASLEEP."

"Can't you give her something?" said Helen softly.

"The nurse nodded. 'You sit by her a minute,' she whispered. 'I'll be right back.'"

Helen sat by the bedside and in a few minutes the nurse returned. She held a glass filled with a transparent liquid in her hand.

"Drink this," she said soothingly, before she turned and lifting her up with a practiced hand.

"But you must drink," persisted the nurse, "and get some rest. You will be needed, and if your nerves go to pieces this way you won't be able to help any one."

Carrie hesitated and then drank the liquid obediently. The nurse lowered her to the pillow and Helen

slipped a hand into the feverish one that lay on the spread.

Slowly the convulsive sobbing ceased and at last Carrie slept with a show of pain showing between her eyes.

"You needn't stay here any longer now," whispered the nurse. "She will sleep for some time now, and the little boy needs you."

Helen rose and followed the nurse out of the room. "Where is my husband?" she whispered.

"He's all right," said the nurse practically. "They are all down stairs in the dining-room. You'd better come down and get a cup of coffee to steady you. At least, after you have seen the baby."

How did it happen to wake up?

"All right," he said sweetly, "tell the story."

Helen began with the story of the three bears. Roy had heard it many times before, but he was not in an

argumentative mood, and asked no questions. Helen finished and looked down at him. His eyes were wide open and unnaturally bright.

"Shall I tell about Jack? Or shall I sing a song that I sing to Wilfred sometimes when he is good?"

And Helen began the song, a little crooning melody with a refrain that was partly a hum. Slowly Roy's eyelids drooped, and when Helen had sung the refrain twice over, the weary child was asleep.

She carried him over to the tiny rumpled bed, and put him down. Then she lowered the shades and slipped out. Warren sat up in the hall and with a word she went to him and he took her in his arms. It was good to feel him holding her closely, she felt very near and dear to him just then.

Another incident in this interesting tale will appear here soon.

Warren's Mother Dies Suddenly and Helen Proves Her Worth

Copyright, 1916, by International News Service.

never again object to anything that she Helen might do.

"I don't want a story," said Roy. His eyes were heavy and his cheeks were watery with tears. Poor little fellow, he was worn out. "I want my mamma," he sobbed.

"Listen, Roy," said Helen, a little more of command in her voice. She motioned with her hand for the nurse to leave her alone with the child. "Mother will come to you later, she has had a nap. Why don't you take a nap, too? Then you'll be all right when she wakes up."

Roy looked up at her, a little smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"All right," he said sweetly, "tell the story."

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argumentative mood, and asked no questions. Helen finished and looked down at him. His eyes were wide open and unnaturally bright.

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Do You Know That

Kangaroos can jump a feet or eleven feet high.

Lake Superior is as big as Ireland.

Boatless Viaduct, in the Shan Hills, Upper Burma, is the highest railroad bridge in the world. It is 826 feet above the water.

A bride in Korea must not speak during the first day of her married life. The next morning, however,

she may give free rein to her tongue.

With an eighteen-foot telescope it is possible to see stars the light of which takes 2,789 years to reach us.

The heart is in most human beings a little larger than the fist.

Charles I. had in his retinue a dwarf only eighteen inches tall.

He Probably Did

Mrs. Tallows-Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night. Henry—Pardon me for interrupting you.

Ends Dry, Hoarse or Painful Coughs Quickly

A Simple, Quick Remedy, Immediate Relief Guaranteed.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant tasting, made cough syrup has caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It gives almost instant relief and will surely overcome the most stubborn cough.

Get 30c bottles (50c and 75c) from any drug store. Put in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This makes a full pint—a family supply—of the most effective cough medicine at a cost of only 50 cents or less. You couldn't buy a much better quality of cough medicine. Easily prepared and never fails. Full directions with bottle.

The promptness, certainty and ease with which this Henry Group cough syrup cures a bad cough, chest or throat cold is truly remarkable. It cures a dry, hoarse or tight cough and soothes a persistent cough. It stops the formation of phlegm in the throat, soothes the inflamed throat, thus ending the annoying hacking.

Henry's Cough Syrup is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in glycol and is famous the world over for its soothing effect on the inflamed throat, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and other coughs. It is a family supply of the most effective cough medicine at a cost of only 50 cents or less. You couldn't buy a much better quality of cough medicine. Easily prepared and never fails. Full directions with bottle.

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PAVLOVA STARS IN 'LAMUETTE DI PORTICI'

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

Another excellent grand opera, "La Muette di Portici" was performed at the Boston Opera last night with Pavlova, Zensello, Felice Longa and Thomas Chalmers in the principal roles.

There was an audience all too small for one of the most delightful entertainments in years. Why wealthy and fashionable people should remain away from performances by a company which has been so highly praised by everybody, who has seen any of its bills, is one of the mysteries of Boston.

Another work "La Muette di Portici" back in 1832. It is therefore about the age of Meyerbeer's "Huguenot" and Donizetti's "Linda di Chambray" and it is just as worthy of frequent performance. I had never heard any music from it and it was merely a curiosity for Pavlova, and hardly worth a performance aside from that fact.

SPLENDID TENOR OPERA.
The contrary is the case. "La Muette di Portici" is a splendid tenor opera. Such fine music for tenor is rarely heard, and the night certainly belonged to Zensello, who was the great artist we remember so well from two or three years ago.

Masaniello is the central figure of the opera. He sings gorgeous, sonorous airs calling for the most robust of voices. And not only did Zensello sing gloriously but he created a fine figure of a man in Masaniello. The story can be told briefly. Penella, the beautiful sister of Masaniello, is dumb. She is deceived by Alfonso, son of the viceroy of Naples. When her brother learns her story he raises the fishermen of Portici and chases the vice royal family out of the town. He is then proclaimed ruler. Of course the viceroy comes back with an army, defeats the peasants and slays Masaniello.

The part of Penella was made voiceless because of a famous dancer and pantomime in the opera at Paris in 1832. Pavlova, one of the greatest dancers in our time, longed to essay the role and is now having the opportunity.

PAVLOVA FAR FROM BEST.
I do not think that her Penella is worthy of her accomplishment in her own peculiar line. Penella was truly dumb. Pavlova makes her act crazy in the head. Penella was beautiful. Pavlova is not beautiful. Pavlova's pantomime is more voluble than truly expressive. It does not strike me as a wonderful piece of work.

"La Muette di Portici" has another distinctive feature beside the dumb girl, requires two good tenors. The second tenor part, that of Alfonso, was superbly played by Georg Michaleff. Elvira, the bride of Alfonso, is a character that reminds you a lot of Lucia from the mad scene, which is Lucia's glory. Miss Felice Longa, who was heard here with the Boston Opera two years ago, as Elvira, played Elvira. She is a pretty little doll baby with a pretty little voice, which becomes shrill rather than brilliant in the upper register. Her middle voice is lovely. There is little opportunity for Elvira to act, but Miss Longa makes the most of the part. Thomas Chalmers sang the baritone part of Pietro very agreeably.

A feature of this opera is its many choruses, and the chorus seems to have been very finely drilled. Jacobini conducted in a very competent and authoritative manner. The score of the opera is thin, orchestral, but, considering the conditions, the castings were made by Joseph Urban, but they are not in his best manner. Still they are distinctive.

"Opera Night" at Boston City Club

The Boston City Club observed "Opera Night" with several guests from the opera company present to extend nearly a thousand enthusiastic members. Vice-President George S. Smith, who presided at the dinner, declared it was the duty of the members to co-operate with the opera in every way. The singers of the evening included Miss Gay, Miss Alexander, Miss Campbell and Mr. Maridone. Ralph Lyford was accompanist for the singing, all of whom received many encores.

Phi Beta Kappa Gets 5 Harvard Athletes

Five Harvard athletes have been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa, for whom to which scholarship is the first requisite. Captain Henry L. Vane of the basketball team, John G. Heyburn, the golf star; Laurie Curtis, who made his "T" in the game; Lyman G. Richards of the track team, and John Woodruff, the tennis player, are among the fortunate.

Mark John Harvard 308th Anniversary

Albert Matthews, '31, will speak Friday evening at the Harvard Memorial Society's observance of the birth of John Harvard. On Saturday morning the customary exercises will be held in the delta before the statue of John Harvard. Following this the Rev. Paul Bayever Frothingham will speak in Appleton Chapel.

50,000 at Buffalo See Liberty Bell

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The Liberty Bell arrived in Buffalo over the Lake Shore Railroad today. Fifty thousand persons, the majority of them children, impeded the bell during its two-hour stay. Governor Whitman and his staff participated in the ceremony.

GET AWAY
From the stupor of needless breakdown and repairs, buy a machine you can rely upon. See the "Grand Car" columns of the Boston American for a list of good machines.

THE PINGRAT FAMILY



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Mrs. D. Deesn' Believe in Allowing Dinny to Kild Her



ABIE THE AGENT

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After All, It Isn't Altogether the Grub That Makes a Thanksgiving Dinner



JERRY ON THE JOB

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If We Were Jerry We'd Break Training on Thanksgiving Day Anyway



POLLY AND HER PAIS

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Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss! Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night for Our Hero



US BOYS

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

And Now They're All Here and Ready for the Big Eats



Boston American Editorial Columns

OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO MAINTAIN PEACE;
OUR NEXT DUTY IS TO **PREPARE** FOR WAR

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1915

The One Supreme Gift for Which an American Should Give Thanks

ON an evening of this week it occurred to a man, sitting alone in an upper room, that Thanksgiving Day was right at hand. So he bestirred his mind to consider those things for which an American might sensibly offer up gratitude to God.

He reflected that across the Atlantic sea millions of human beings were at that very moment engaged in the dreadful task of killing other human beings with every invention which ingenuity and skill could bring forth from the laboratories of science and the workshops of industry.

In other lands at that very moment tens of thousands upon tens of thousands of helpless folk—feeble, aged men and women, mothers with babes clinging convulsively to their breasts, little children sobbing in terror, a vast army of the innocent and the anguished, were enduring the extremities of exposure, of hunger, and of despair as they fled from their wasted farmsteads and burning villages, escaping from the pitiless cruelty of savage men only to lie down to suffer and die under the pitiless skies of God in the Winter and the bitter storms.

At that very moment most dreadful war hid half the world in the blackness of its darkness and from that horrid cloud rained destruction upon unhappy Europe—upon her ancient capitals, upon her pleasant cities, upon her villages, her fields, her temples, her treasures of art, upon all the accumulations of a thousand years of genius, of learning, of industry, of skill and of patient advancement of the happiness and the civilization of the race of man.

So he that considered all this wickedness that was being done under the sun, this drunken dance of death and hell about the fetid corpses and the multitudinous graves, this awful nightmare of indescribable woe and wrath, said in the bitterness of his heart that no God ruled over such a maniac world and there was no thanksgiving due to the Giver of gifts that were not good, but everyone altogether evil.

And when the man had made an end of his thinking, he went and stood in a window and looked out upon the evening, because it was fair to see.

All over the city innumerable lamps began to twinkle in the streets and houses; towering structures lifted their amazing silhouettes against the tinted afterglow; the harbor gleamed with moving interweaving lights as the shining ships passed in and out on their sailor errands; and far overhead in the liberal sky smiled the serene and friendly star of the evening.

So then the watcher from his window, looking upon so much amazing beauty and loveliness, upon the firmament which is His handiwork, and the heavens which declare His glory; looking down also upon the great city, so wonderful and so magnificent, was uplifted within himself with gladness for his people and their mighty works.

He remembered in that moment how that the day, which but a little while before had set on this august spectacle, still shone brightly on distant States of the great Union.

With that inner eye upon whose gaze space sets no limits, he saw the great Sun drawing the darkness behind him like a trailing garment, still making his progress across the vast and level reaches of the nearer West, still brightening the steep slopes and sky-borne summits of the Sierra, still warmly shining on the fields and orchards and budding vineyards of pleasant California, on the farms and the forests of Oregon, on the valleys and the mountains of Washington.

He saw in vision at that instant the vastness of the Republic and the multitude of the good and happy folk who live under the shelter of its powerful strength. He reflected how brief a time this magnified the works of our pioneer fathers and our pioneer mothers, those brave and simple men and women whose names should never be mentioned with anything but profound gratitude.

And so this American, glad with a great pride in the deeds of his people and the story of his country, and grateful to the Goodness which guided and sheltered his fathers and his folk, lifted up his eyes to the night, to the quiet stars, to the brooding immensity above, and said in his heart—

"Thank God that I am an American!"

And, citizens, that is the one outstanding, splendid fact for which each one of us should soberly and most gratefully thank God on Thanksgiving Day.

The finest thing you possess or ever can possess is just your American citizenship. It is neither necessary nor becoming, on this day or on any other day, to cheapen this birthright of ours by brag or spread-eagle declamation.

But it is highly becoming on Thanksgiving Day to feel a deep gratitude and a manly pride in this heritage. And so we firmly believe you do feel.

We all hear it repeated that patriotism is a thing of the past; that our people have become commercialized; that the masses have no deep-rooted loyalty to the country; that our rich men put dollars above the obligations of their citizenship; that our poor folk care little for the ideals of free government; that we Americans are decadent in the virtues and valor which marked our fathers.

That is not true.

If there be any power in the world which plots war against us Americans and promises itself victory over

A REAL THANKSGIVING



With half the world engaged in a bloody war in which he has no share or part, Uncle Sam has every reason to give earnest thanks for all the blessings that have been his, and for all the blessings of prosperity which Peace is spreading upon his table.

us on the assumption of our decadence in loyalty and deep devotion to the liberties and the institutions of our dear country, that Power will find how terrible was its mistake when our country calls her sons to battle in her defence.

We have, it is true, in our capacity as a collective people, left undone things that should have been done and done things which should have been left undone; and there is more truth than there should be in much that is jeeringly said by those who hate us.

We acknowledge that much of our politics offends common decency. We see, here and there, painful evidence of corruption among lawmakers and even among the judges, who should know only justice and integrity.

We see rich men who do betray their country and foul their hands and soil their souls with most infamous dealings and most shameful profits. We see Americans who do put the dollar above every consideration of right and duty, above the claims of our common humanity.

But while these things are true, it is true also that the heart and conscience of the American people, like them as a Nation, are sound and sane and wholesome.

The blood of our fathers still runs in the veins of their sons. The spirit of the Nation may indeed seem to slumber in the soft bed of long-enjoyed peace and security. But let war come against the land and no man need doubt that that spirit will spring up instantly awake.

In the numbers of our citizens, in their intelligence, in their ingenuity, in their loyalty and their devotion, we have everything but the one thing necessary to the impregnable defence of our dear country against any foe or any combination of foes that may assail her.

That one thing is the necessary preparation of the naval and military weapons with which our men can defend our country and without which all their numbers, their intelligence, their loyalty and their devoted courage will only lead to their more appalling butchery.

While we give thanks tomorrow for the peace and happiness of our country, we should add most fervent petitions that the counsels of folly may not prevail with our lawmakers against the reasonable preparation of means to defend and to maintain that peace and happiness in the future.

Let us all remember that the liberties for which we give thanks were won with arms, and that in this jealous and turbulent world those liberties must inevitably yet be defended with arms. And let us not insult our own intelligence by praying for continued peace while refusing to make the sensible and necessary preparations to maintain peace.

Thus, with the consciousness of having done each one his individual duty, we can all give honorably and gladly give thanks for the citizenship which lays upon us the burden of that duty.

We can rightfully be grateful that it has fallen to our happy lot to live in this most wonderful of all the ages and to be citizens of this most wonderful of all the nations.

Look upon your flag as it streams its bright folds yonder above your heads with proud and happy eyes. Remember how honorable is its story, and forget not how many thousands of brave and good men died that it might wave yonder the ensign of a free people.

Tell to your children tomorrow the story of their forebears, of those men and women who, amid the wilderness and forests that stood where now stand mighty cities and stretch cultivated farms, erected, with hardships and endur-

ance and most heroic faith and valor, the noble edifice of our republican liberties.

Speak to them of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the great Declaration—that most famous Charter of Human Freedom.

Tell them the heroic story of our sailors—of John Paul Jones, of Hull and Bainbridge and Porter and Decatur and Lawrence, and of how they tamed the insolence which dared to seize and search American ships sailing on their lawful errands across the free seas.

Tell them to thank God for their fathers' and mothers' hardihood and courage, for the wars they fought, for the victories they won.

Tell them to salute their flag with high and proud hearts. Tell them to thank God Thanksgiving Day that they are Americans.

And then do you soberly, gratefully, proudly thank God yourself that you are an American.

O, dear and mighty Motherland, what better gift or more to be desired, could God give than to be born and to die, strong Daughter of Liberty, between thy shining feet!

It Should Be the Pleasure and IS the Duty of Every- one to Make Grand Opera a Success in Boston

BOSTON would be notoriously incomplete without grand opera. We have a splendid Art Museum, a splendid Conservatory of Music, one of the best libraries in the world, and the best institutions of learning, taking them altogether, in the world.

We have the largest reading public in the world. The Boston Post is the largest morning paper in the country and the Boston AMERICAN is the largest evening paper, save one, which is Mr. Hearst's New York Journal. The circulation managers of the magazines tell us that this is by far the best field for the best class of magazines.

Until recently we have had everything that we really needed to make a complete metropolis except decent streets and grand opera. Now we have grand opera and we ought to welcome it with such substantial support as will guarantee its continuance in Boston.

The best music is not a mere frill in our communal life. Music is a real, tangible, substantial thing, with power to achieve definite, measurable, concrete results in our life and health and point of view. That which has power to soothe the raging spirit of savage beasts has a greater power over the civilized mind and body.

The soldier and the student of history know the influence of music in times of great physical stress. We remember that during the battle of Jena, when Napoleon wanted the French troops to perform that most difficult of all tasks, standing still, exposed but motionless, under artillery fire, he had the bands march up and down the lines, playing the "Marseillaise." We know that under the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise" the French troops faced vic-

toriously all Europe during the period that followed the French Revolution.

In a wisely directed social organization music and its legitimate concomitants are recognized as a civic necessity. Germany has undoubtedly surpassed all other countries in developing the social function of her municipalities, and in her advanced cities among the most beautiful structures are the buildings where they give, practically free of charge to the public, the benefit of musical entertainment.

In the future, when we own and operate our railroads and street railways and the telephone and telegraph companies, as the Germans operate theirs, and have learned how to make the most of a united people, we shall have a grand opera at which the people may congregate without direct cost to themselves. In the meantime we ought to support the present grand opera by our patronage, both for its direct benefit to ourselves and for the indirect advantage to the prosperity of Boston in making us a complete metropolis in all the refinements which attract desirable people.

Our citizens perhaps do not fully realize the business advantage of that kind of entertainment which appeals to cultured, refined people, who have money to spend and who are willing to spend it where they find it is pleasant to live. Hundreds of men and women, retired from business and with no fixed habitation, come every year to Boston to live while their children are going to the numerous colleges and places of education for which Boston stands pre-eminent. These people have money and if, when they stay here for a few years during the period in which their children are completing their education, they find that Boston offers them a complete circle of advantages, hundreds of them would settle here who otherwise would go elsewhere. The real estate man, the hotel man, the taxi company, the theatre man, the grocery and provision man, the dressmaker, the tailor and all the business men of Boston would benefit indirectly, but substantially, by the presence in Boston of a good, permanent grand opera. It means a constant increase of population by those who have money and who would help pay our taxes to support our public institutions and stimulate all the activities that make a prosperous city.

The grand opera company which is now in Boston is under the inspiration of a very remarkable woman, Madame Pavlova has had an extraordinary career and she is devoting a large part of her fortune and genius to grand opera in Boston. It is a very interesting experiment, which ought to command an unusual interest in both men and women of the community.

The grand opera will succeed or fail in Boston as the people of ordinary means come to regard it as a function more for them than for the rich. For its direct benefits to the community it is far more important that the men and women of ordinary means should attend it than those of exceptional means. It is a great mistake for people to suppose that grand opera is meant only for the rich and that only the rich, who dress for the occasion and who attend it for the purpose of display, should attend it. The millionaire sitting beneath the awnings of his steam yacht no doubt enjoys the ocean, but he never equals in zest of feeling the man in the dory, skiff or bob-craft, whose face is splashed with the spume of the sea as his little craft dips its nose beneath the foam-crested wave.

People of sense and refinement go to the opera to hear the music and enjoy the ability of the artists, and every seat in the Opera House gives complete enjoyment of the real object of the grand opera. The advantage of the seat in the balcony is far greater than a seat too close in the orchestra.